

The Mirror

OF

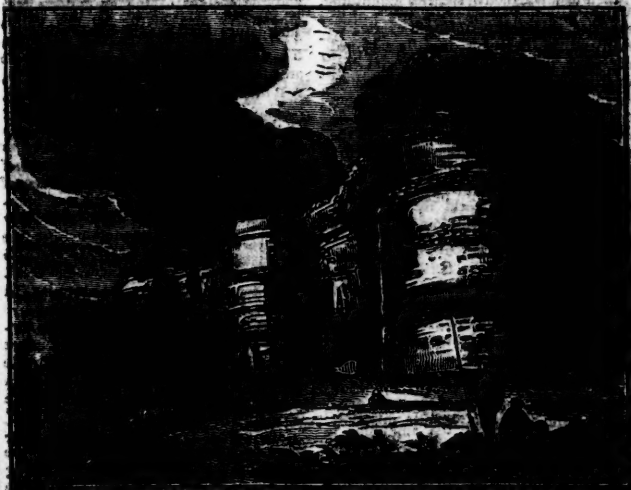
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXXVII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1835.

[Price 2d.]

Burgh Castle, Suffolk.



The Topographer.

No. XI.

THERE are few remains of Roman buildings in Great Britain so remarkable for their preservation, and yet so little noticed by writers as the ancient Gariannonum or Burgh Castle, of which the above engraving is a correct view. Those who mention it do it slightly; and whilst Richborough is celebrated, this rival station, equal in antiquity, and superior in remains, has met with no historian.

Destitute of express records, and encountering the clouds with which ignorance and inattention have shrouded over our Anglo-Roman antiquities, it is from general history alone that we are enabled to fix a time for the building of this fortress; for without such a resource our utmost researches would fail us, and we should have only the miserable alternative of guessing at the period, or passing it by unnoticed.

Our portion of Anglo-Roman History, which more immediately respects Christianity, is short and limited; it com-

mences with the reign of Claudius, and extends no further.

This emperor who assumed the purple at fifty years of age, had neither the spirit, courage, nor perseverance of his great predecessor;—yet ambitious of following the steps of Julius, he formed the design of completing what Cæsar had begun, and of reducing Britain to a Roman province; in pursuance of which, he arrived here about the year of Christ, 43, having previously sent Aulus Plautius with troops sufficient to effect his invasion. After about six months' stay he returned to Rome, and had a triumph for conquests never obtained, and no victories never won.

After the emperor's departure Plautius remained here some four years, and carried on the Britanna war with spirit and success. Upon his return to Rome he received the honour of an ovation. Next in command was the post-prætor, Publius Ostorius Sulpicus, an experienced officer, in whose conduct and courage were equally united. To him the Romans were indebted for the subjugation of the Iceni; to him they were obliged for the

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retention of their conquests, and to him we owe the founding of Garianonum.

Upon a rising hill near the confluence of the rivers Yare and Waveney, and overlooking a large extent of marshes which once formed the estuary it commanded, stands Burgh Castle, the Garianonum of the Romans. In the construction of this camp, the Romans pursued their usual method of security in building, and practised their favourite military architecture. It forms an irregular parallelogram, the principal wall of which is, that to the east, 14 feet high, 214 yards long, and 9 feet broad. The north and southern walls are just the same height and breadth, and just half the length; the western side has no remains of any wall, nor can it be determined with any certainty whether it ever had; the one might possibly be considered as a sufficient barrier on that side, and the steepness of the hill as a collateral security. Four massive round towers defend the eastern wall: the northern has one, and another, now thrown down, stood opposite on the southern. These towers were added after building the walls, and served not only to ornament and strengthen them, but as *turres exploratoris*; each having on the top a round hole 2 feet deep, and as many in diameter, evidently designed both for the erection of standards and signals, and for the admission of light temporary watch towers, under the eave, and for the use, of the *speculatores*. It was customary with the Romans to make their bricks thin and broad, and the invention, as well as the names, were of Gallic origin; those made use of in building the walls of the Garianonum, are of a fine red colour, and very close texture, though probably of that sort called by the Romans *crudes*, from being baked by the heat of the sun, as those which were burnt in the furnace, were denominated *cocuis*; their measurement answers exactly to the brick, called by Pliny, the *tydion*, being 1 foot and a half long, 1 foot broad, and an inch and a half thick.

The *Notitia Imperii* informs us, that the troops who garrisoned this station, were a body of cavalry, were under the command of a *præpositus*, who was particularly styled *Gariennensis*, but what number of men they consisted of, or to what legion they belonged, could never be ascertained. A camp so considerable as Garianonum, so strongly fortified, and of such importance, would necessarily require a large body of men to defend it. The area of the camp contained the garrison who defended it, being divided according to their respective military employments, into an upper and lower partition. In the former

was the *prætorum* and the tents of the officers, and in the latter the tents of the centurions and common soldiers. On the right side of the *prætorum* was the *quæstorium*, for the *quæstor* or treasurer of the army; on the other were the tents of the *Legati*, and between the two partitions of the camp was fixed the *principia*, where the religious rites were celebrated, and the ensigns of the army deposited. The whole area of the station contains 4 acres 2 roods, and including the walls, 5 acres 2 roods and 20 perches. In the area of the camp, and in many fields, vast numbers of Roman coins have been, and are still, found. The field adjoining to the eastern wall of Garianonum, was the place allotted for depositing the ashes of the dead, and for the performance of the funeral rites. Here great numbers of Roman urns have been found, and innumerable quantities of them are every where spread over it; but neither the workmanship nor the materials of these urns have any thing to recommend them. They are made of a coarse blue clay, ill formed, brittle and porous.

The easterly situation of this field corresponds with that of *Mons Esquilinus* at Rome, the place assigned there for the interment of the common people—and a situation for which they seemed to have had great veneration.

The officers of the garrison might possibly be interred within the area of the camp. A few years since, upon pulling down part of the hill which formed the *prætorum*, urns and ashes were discovered in great abundance.

Garianonum is now converted into a corn field, and the walls which formerly afforded protection to men who delighted in war, shelter the productions of nature, and assist the pacific labours of the husbandmen. What philosopher, what Christian, does not wish to see all the fortifications in the world converted to the same bountiful purpose.

F. R. J. CRISP.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF ST. GEORGE, THE TUTELAR SAINT OF ENGLAND.

OF all legendary tales, or fictions of romance, none perhaps interest the mind more than when they have relation to our own country; and I know none of that kind more appropriate to the present number of the MIRROR than the exploits of St. George, the tutelary Saint of England. There is little doubt but that most of the readers of this instructive miscellany are well conversant with the

adventures of that renowned hero of romance; yet it is possible, from the numerous and various classes to which it is presented, that some may be unacquainted with the particular fiction, which gives title to a day now so closely associated with royalty, it being that on which his present most gracious Majesty has ordered his birth-day to be celebrated.—A figure of St. George vanquishing the dragon is likewise attached to the collar of the most noble order of the garter, as well as obtaining a place on the current coin of the realm. As an allegorical representation, it is to be considered emblematical of a Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the Old Serpent. It is therefore presumed, that the following epitome of the legendary history will not prove unacceptable:—

The ancient city of Coventry has the honour of giving birth to our illustrious hero. The life of his mother (the lady of Albert, Lord High Steward of England) was sacrificed, in order to save that of the infant, on whose breast was pictured the lively image of a dragon, on his right hand a blood red cross, and a golden garter on his left leg. Not many days elapsed after his nativity when he was stolen, by an enchantress named Kalyb, who kept him secluded till grown to man's estate; but now his graceful form and manly beauty won the heart of the sorceress, and she tendered him her love: which he seemingly accepting, she presented him with an invincible steed, named Bayard, a trusty sword, Ascalon, by which he would overcome witchcraft, treason, &c.: she likewise resigned all power to him. No sooner in possession of the talisman, than he used it to her destruction; and not only obtained his own freedom, but likewise freed six noble knights from thralldom. Released from captivity, he now travelled in various countries, and at length arrived at Egypt, which country was then greatly infested with a dangerous dragon, to appease whose raging appetite, the body of a lovely virgin was every day delivered up: and this having continued for many years, none was left now but the king's daughter, Sabra, in whose defence St. George encounters the dragon, the description of which rencontre is as follows:—The noble knight, like a bold and daring hero, entered the valley where the dragon had his abode—who no sooner had sight of him, but his leathern throat sent forth a sound more terrible than thunder. The size of this fell dragon was fearful to behold, for, from his shoulders to his tail the length was fifty feet; the glittering scales upon his body were as bright

as silver, but harder than brass; his belly was of the colour of gold, and larger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous den, and so fiercely assailed the gallant champion with his burning wings that at the first encounter he had nearly felled him to the ground; but the knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces!—Upon which the dragon smote him so violently with his venomous tail, that he brought both man and horse to the ground; but the knight soon after recovering himself, with an eager courage smote the burning dragon under his yellow-burnished belly with his trusty sword Ascalon, and forthwith came an abundance of black venom. With a bold and courageous heart he made a second thrust, and smote the monster under the wing, where it was tender and without scale; whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easy passage, went to the very hilt, through the dragon's liver and heart—from whence there issued such an abundance of reeking gore as turned all the grass in the valley to a crimson hue.

The noble knight having thus conquered the dragon, he first paid due honour to the Almighty for his victory, and then with his sword cut off the dragon's head, and fixed it on a truncheon made of that spear which at the beginning of the battle shivered in pieces against the dragon's scaly back. Having thus released the lady, the king promises her in marriage to St. George, which excites the jealousy and malice of Almidor, the king of Morocco, who bribes twelve Egyptian knights to way-lay him; but in the encounter they are entirely routed and slain by our illustrious hero. After a fruitless attempt to poison him, Almidor traduces him to the king, who, under pretence of sending an ambassador to the sultan of Persia, writes a letter, desiring him to put to death the bearer, and thus sends St. George the messenger of his own destruction. He delivers the letter, is thrown into prison, and condemned to death. Two hungry lions are let loose upon him; but with invincible courage he thrust his sinewy arms down their throats, and thus having choked them, pulled forth their hearts. He is, however, detained in prison for six long years, and at length escapes, by digging his way beneath the foundations of the castle where he was confined. On his return to Christendom, he encounters and vanquishes an enormous giant, and releases St. David from the power of a necromancer. Arrived in Barbary, he learns

that Almidor has married Sabra, queen of these dominions. In the disguise of a palmer he has an interview with his beloved; and eventually she leaves Almidor, with whom she had been forced into marriage, and in company of St. George and a faithful slave, bends her way towards England. In travelling through a wood, St. George, hunting for venison, leaves his lady under the care of the slave; but at his return is horror-struck, at beholding two lions asleep, with their heads in Sabra's lap, having destroyed the slave, but offering no violence to her—thereby proving her a true virgin, she having, by means of an enchanted necklace, preserved herself spotless. St. George immediately attacks and destroys the two lions, and, after various exploits, arrives in England.

The pagans now join their forces together, to exterminate the Christians; which news no sooner reaches England, than St. George, with the other champions, raise a number of forces, and leaving their native lands, proceed to attack the pagan army, which they entirely rout, and take Almidor, the king of Morocco, prisoner; who, contemning the Christian religion, is condemned to die, and our hero is declared king of Morocco.

He now proceeds to Egypt, vowing vengeance against the king for his ingratitude and treachery, but whose penitent submission appeases his wrath, moreover, as the king becomes converted to Christianity. This event causes great rejoicings and banqueting, during which a messenger arrives from England, acquainting St. George that his lovely Sabra is condemned to death, in consequence of having slain the Earl of Coventry, though in defence of her virtue; and that unless some noble champion espouses her cause, and releases her, she will be burnt alive at the end of the twelve months. On hearing this, St. George sets off for England, and arrives just at the moment the executioner was setting fire to the stake. He immediately declares himself her champion, and encounters the Baron of Chester, whom, after a hard struggle, he defeats, and thus rescues his beloved Sabra, with whom afterwards he sets out to join his companions in the holy war. In their way thither he defeats a monstrous giant, who had charge of an enchanted castle, and relieves the country of the amazonians from his terrible ravages. Travelling onwards, they lose their way in an enchanted wood; and while entangled in the labyrinth, Sabra makes our hero the father of three lovely boys, which, during the temporary absence of their

parent, are carried off by a lioness, a tigress, and a she wolf. After two days' fruitless search, the unhappy father finds his babes, sucking the unkind milk from the inhuman beasts. With his trusty sword he soon destroyed the savages, and returned the children to their weeping mother. After a variety of incidents, our hero arrives at the scene of war, where he finds the six champions under the effect of enchantment, having been seduced by six furies, under the semblance of as many lovely maids. He attacks the necromancer, and, in spite of his black art, conquers him, and releases the knights from his power; and now having happily established peace, the champions returned each to his native country.

St. George had not remained long in the bosom of his family, ere a sad accident destroyed all his felicity, and bereaved him of his lovely Sabra, for, being out hunting with him, she unfortunately fell from her horse, and was killed. This dire misfortune urges our hero to a pilgrimage to the holy land, which he undertakes in company of the other champions, habited like pilgrims. In their journey thither, they meet entertainment at the house of a jew, who has been deprived of fourteen of his sons by a hideous and terrible giant. The six champions each day in turn attack him, but are successively conquered and taken prisoners; but now the invincible arm of St. George prevails, and he slays the giant, releasing the champions, as well as the sons of the jew. They next arrive and pay adoration at the holy sepulchre, where suits of armour for each are given them by the holy virgins; and thus accounted, they set forward on their travels; and arriving at a necromancer's castle, they attack seven giants, who protect it, and destroy them, but are themselves entrapped into a dismal dungeon by the sorcerer's art; and here the six champions laying down on an enchanted bed, fell asleep, and a monstrous winged serpent attacks St. George; who, after a hard struggle, in which he drops his sword, grasps the serpent, and presses it to death. Fatigued by the desperate combat, he sits down on the bed, and likewise falls asleep: thus they all become prisoners to the enchanter's power. But now the three sons of St. George, being grown to men's estate, are travelling in search of their father, and encountering the necromancer, they destroy the enchantments, and release the champions.

After a variety of interesting incidents, St. George returns to his native land, whose chalky cliffs he had not seen for

twice twelve years; and on his arriving at Coventry, he hears the doleful tidings how, upon Dunsmore Heath, there was an infectious dragon, who dreadfully annoyed the inhabitants of the vicinity, and moreover had destroyed fifteen knights, who had been sent against him; also giving him to understand, "That a Christian knight never born of a woman should be the destroyer thereof, and his name in after ages, for accomplishing the adventure, should be held for an eternal honour to the kingdom."

St. George, knowing himself to be the knight, immediately prepared to encounter the dragon. Coming to the middle of the plain, where his infectious enemy lay couching on the ground in a deep cave, the dragon espied the champion, and ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both man and horse in a moment; but the champion being quick and nimble, gave the dragon such way that he missed him, and ran his sting two feet into the earth; but recovering, he returned with such fury upon St. George that he had almost turned his horse over, but the dragon having no stay of his strength, fell on his back, with his feet upwards, whereat the champion taking advantage, kept him still down, with his horse standing upon him, with his lance goring him through in divers parts of his body, and withal contrariwise, the dragon's sting annoyed the good knight in such sort, that the dragon being no sooner slain, and weltered in his blood, but St. George likewise took his death's wound by the deep strokes of the dragon's sting: yet retaining the true nobleness of mind, he returned victor to the city of Coventry; and presenting the head of the dragon that had annoyed them so long, fell into the arms of his sons, and yielded up his breath. The king, in token of regard for his memory, knighted the three sons; and, likewise, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn procession about the king's court, by all the chief nobility of the country, upon the 23rd of April, naming it St. George's Day—upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the city where he was born.

CLAVIS.

IMPROMPTU

Written beneath the Engraving of Sir J. Reynolds: "Infant Samuel."

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

POES is the prayer from CHILDHOOD's lip that flows,

(Like early dew, that glitters on the rose;)

Blest are the INFANT hands that artless twine,

And knees that bend, as meek religion's shrine;

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Thrice blest! the infant orisons that rise,
(Earth's sweetest incense!) to the morning skies!
In after-years,—MAN'S prayer to heav'n is stain'd,
By earthly passions, in his breast retain'd;—
Some darling vice—some fondly-cherish'd care,
Some taint of human frailty, mingles there!
But CHILDHOOD'S prayers, ere guilt's dark path
is trod
Inspired by nature, rise to nature's God!
By HIM, are mark'd (when here by man forgot)
Who bless'd young children, and forbade them
not:
HIM, to whose lip divine, the task was giv'n,
To teach mankind of such is the bright host of
heav'n!

TO CHARLOTTE, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

HEALTH to my love; and may some angel blest
Convey the raptures of my faithful breast,
On the light wings of grateful joy upborne,
I hail the day, and bless th' auspicious morn.

Sweet daughter of St. George, thy beauty dress
My panting bosom and my heart inspires:
Lovely that boon, with modesty combin'd;
Transcendent charm! when virtue aways the
mind.

Possess'd of these, fair maid, th' attempt is vain,
When pride assails contentment's placid reign,
May each celestial pow'r its aid impart,
And grant the fervent wishes of my heart.

As the gay fairy with fantastic dirt,
Skips o'er the lawn and leaves each flow'r un-
hurt,
So light thy footsteps tread this maze of life,
With the sharp thorn and prickly briars rife.

May nought of care thy virgin heart molest;
No adverse wind assail thy tender breast:
But when rude Boreas rears his chilling form,
Some guardian angel shield thee midst the
storm.

May health and peace with soft content unite;
Combine each charm, and give thy soul delight:
Bid ev'ry hour with unmix'd pleasure flow,
Nor that alone, but happiness bestow.

Thus, when the lamp of life shall waste its fire,
The lambent glimm'ring of the flame expire,
Thy parting spirit takes the heav'nward flight,
And waves her pinions in the realms of light.

CLAVIS.

TESTIMONIES OF ANCIENT
HEATHEN WRITERS CONCERN-
ING CHAOS.

It was an ancient tradition among the Heathen, that the world was created out of a Chaos.

The ancient Greek poet, Hesiod, who may contend for antiquity even with Homer, makes mention of it in his Theogonia, not far from the beginning, in these words:—

* First of all there was a chaos;

and a few verses after, speaking of the

immediate production, or offspring of chaos, he says,

"From Chaos proceeded Hell and night (or darkness)," which seems to have for its foundation, the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis; "and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Of this testimony of Hesiod, Lactantius takes notice, and censures it, in the first book of his Institutions, cap. 5. "Hesiodus non à Deo conditore sumens exordium, sed à Chao, quod est rudis inordinatæ materis confusæ congeries." That is, Hesiod not taking his beginning from God, the Creator of all things, but from Chaos, which is a rude and inordinate heap of confused matter; and so Ovid describes it in the beginning of his Metamorphoses.

"Quem dixere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles,
Nec quoquam nisi pondus iners congestaque
cœdem
Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum."

That is,

One face had nature, which they chaos nam'd,
An undigested lump, a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joined abode.

Others of the ancients have also made mention of it, as Aristophanes in Aribus.

"Χaos ἦν καὶ Νῦξ, Ἐρεβός τε, μέλαινα γῆ, &c."

And Lucian in the beginning of his first book.

"Antiquum repetent horrum chaos omnia," &c.

Of the formation of all the parts of the world out of this Chaos, Ovid, in the place before quoted, gives us a full and particular description; and Euripides, before him, a brief one.

"The heaven and earth were of one form; but after they were separated, the earth brought forth trees, birds, beasts, fishes, and mankind."

The like account also the ancient philosopher, Anaxagoras, gives of the creation of the world, beginning his philosophy thus:—"All things were together (at first) or mingled and confused, then wind, supervening disposed them in a beautiful order."

That which I chiefly dislike in this opinion of theirs, is, that they make no mention of the creation of this Chaos, but seem to look upon it as self-existent and unproduced.—*Ray's Three Discourses concerning Chaos, Deluge, and Dissolution of the World.*

AN ODE TO A PIG WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BORING.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! hark! that pig, the hideous poto
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows
Would you not think the knife was in his throat,
And yet they're only boring through his nose.

Thou foolish beast, so rudely to withstand
Thy master's will, to feel such idle fears;
Why pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ringed her ears.

Pig, 'tis your master's pleasure, then be still
And hold your nose to let the iron through,
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will
Rebellious swine! ye know not what ye do.

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more,
Would'st thou rebel against the will of heaven!
Thou impious beast be still and let them bore.

The social pig, resigns his natural rights,
When first with man, he covenants to live,
He barter them, for safer joys delights
For grains and wash which man alone can give.

Such is provision on the social plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong,
Oh, happy swine, the impartial sway of man,
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist, you struggle now, because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose,
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose.

Go to the forest, pig, and there deplore
The miserable lot of savage swine,
See young pigs, flying, from the savage boar,
How wretchedly, how scantily they dine.

Behold the hourly danger, when, who will
May hunt, or snare, or seize them for his food,
Oh! happy pig, whom none presumes to kill,
Till your protecting master thinks it good.

And when at last, the hour of closing life
Arrives (for pigs must die as well as men),
When in your throat you feel the long sharp
knife

And your whole body is convulsed with pain,
Then, when the death wound yawning wide,
Fainter, and fainter, grows the expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your master's good you die.
J. G.

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—On looking over the third volume of the MIRROR, I find two articles on the "Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," to which, I believe, no reply has been made; perhaps then you will allow me to say a few words on them. An apprehension that they might prejudice some friends of this unfortunate portion of our fellow-creatures, who may not have the same

means of judging, is the only thing that induces me to do so.

Your correspondent, in the first of these articles, commences with a vindication of the Abbé de l'Epee, from the charges of the Abbé Sicard, with whom he connects Dr. Watson.

In doing this, I think, he should have given us more than the bare assertion that the letter published by Sicard, was a fabrication. The friends of the Abbé de l'Epee, and the public at large, must have been destitute of all gratitude and feeling, or else very insensible and credulous, when they suffered such a man to propagate such falsehoods, and continue to encourage him for so many years afterwards.

If your sagacious correspondent was aware of this before the Abbé Sicard's death, it is to be regretted that he did not call upon him to answer the charge, and furnish us with the result.

Among what he conceives to be proofs of the excellence of De l'Epee's system, is an answer to a metaphysical question from one of his pupils. Both the Abbé Sicard and Dr. Watson have educated pupils who are living witnesses of the unparalleled perfection to which they have carried their systems; but the public do not, I think, require that those pupils who are to earn their bread by manual labour, should be made metaphysicians. The assertion that deaf mutes can be taught by ordinary schoolmasters, parents, children, &c., is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard; your correspondent, perhaps, means to prove this by Mr. Arrow-smith's brother—if so, I tell him plainly, that he is by no means educated, and challenge him to prove the contrary.

Most heartily is it to be wished, that the instruction of deaf mutes could be so easily accomplished, as he declares it can be; but when the most skilful and experienced men find it such a tedious, difficult, and laborious thing, what are we to expect from ordinary schoolmasters.

It does not appear that the trial made by the Liverpool Committee succeeded, for within these few months past, a school for the instruction of the deaf and dumb has been established at Manchester, which is not more than about forty miles from Liverpool, and where the person who gave lectures on the subject, had been also.

To accuse the teachers of the Asylums in this country of a design to keep the method of teaching the deaf and dumb a mystery, is most malicious and untrue; Dr. Watson's valuable work on the subject, and the ready access to the Asylum in the Kent Road, completely falsify it.

His observations respecting articulation

are fully met by the utility of it, the answer may be found in his own words, "Every thing that tends to do away the distinction between the fortunate and unfortunate, must be conducive to the comfort and happiness of the latter." &c. The reasons given by Dr. Watson in his valuable work, and in the Christian Observer of December, 1819, are clearly borne out by experience. S. G.

LINES TO ROSA, UPON HER OBTAINING THE "PRIZE OF MERIT."

Rosa, the "Prize of Merit," take,
For thou hast won it well!
And still, thro' many a distant year,
Past pleasures it shall tell.

Whate'er may be thy lot in life,—
Betide or weal or woe—
Thou little deem'st how pure a joy
From memory's fount may flow.

Hast thou ne'er seen, when storms have leav'd
At noon around thy head,
A ray of sunshine gild the spot
That own'd at morn thy tread!

So shall it be in after life—
Betide whatever may—
For memory will look back and mark
Past youth's unclouded day.

And should'st thou wed and rear to deck
Thy home a happy race;
Oh! bid them, like thyself, press on
Fair science's paths to trace!

Tell them that wealth, with all its store
Of sattery and of gold,
 Oft hides beneath its purple vest,
 A heart both false and cold.

Tell them that beauty, tho' it win
The stranger's passing smile,
Fades, like the flow'ret of the field,
And blooms but for awhile.

Whilst science, led by virtue, will
More fair each spring appear—
And fame—its day-star—brighter beam
Thro' each successive year.

ALPHEA.

My Common-Place Book.

No. IX.

THE POLITICAL TALLOW CHANDLER.

MY friend SWIFTS is really an excellent fellow, and has never been otherwise than a fund of harmless amusement to me. He is by trade, a tallow-chandler, an active bustling youth, and would by this time have been well-to-do in the world, had he not some considerable time since taken up with the idea that he was born to reform the abuses of government, and set every thing upon its proper footing in our kingdom of Great Britain. In this

idea, he has laudably persevered, and with a most praiseworthy consistency of character, still stands up for what he calls "the good cause." I have tried him with jokes innumerable; but it won't do: at length, after reasoning one day with him upon the propriety of paying, at least, some attention to his own affairs, for fear of awkward consequences, he seemed to relent a trifle, upon which I took the opportunity of requesting his company to a tankard, pipe, and friend, that identical evening, at my humble domicile. Now Mrs. Margery Tobykin is a respectable pains-taking woman in her way, and although, it may be, somewhat stricken in years, yet she contrives to keep the fire-side sufficiently comfortable, and if she could do more, poor innocent! I have no doubt, she would. She had placed all things in excellent array on the table,—a foaming tankard of the best,—a sufficiency of lily-white pipes, and every thing that was intellectual. Swipes came later than was expected—Cleishmeclaw, an excellent crony of my own, and I had been seated by the fire for some time, and gave the young man a hearty welcome as he entered. We had agreed to let him have his own way, and were resolved that nothing should interrupt the harmony of the evening. Every one must applaud this admirable determination; let me recommend the same to the consideration of all whom it may concern; nothing irascibly said, will at any time make way with an obstinate or wilful man; and those who fight knee-deep for many a mortal hour in better controversy, will only find to their dismay at its close, that whatever they may have gained in their own good opinion, they have lost a friend by running an antagonist too hard, when a good-humoured laugh would have served their turn much better. But I hate digressions. Swipes lowered himself much in our mutual good opinion, by stiffly refusing the good fare that was provided, and earnestly entreating the favour of a cup of tea. We stared, but remembering that he was born within the sound of Bow-bells, quietly acceded to the wish thus expressed, and our friend was anon in very particular glee, over a cup of souchong, which he declared he abominated unless it was very weak. Thus enraptured, I thought our amusement would be rich and copious; and without any more delay, proposed that we should, each in our own peculiar tippie, drink "The Cause of Radical Reform, all over the World." It was accordingly done; and our gravity was put to a sore trial by friend Swipes, after bolting a cup of slop so extremely hot as to bring the tears to

his eyes, started off in a tangent, and safely delivered himself of a regular half-hour's speech, which it is needless to give in this place. After this sketch of Reform, in which he warmed into ecstasy in touching on the affairs of Greece, [query, *Grease*] and seemed to hint that *Proconsians* were progressing towards "the new light," he sat down, but was not silent. I put in my petition for a song, which he sang with the most rapturous enthusiasm, not forgetting to give it that *due mouth* which expressed most satisfactorily the vast importance he obviously attached to the subject. Swipes had come to our meeting in bodily fear of being lectured upon his sentiments and conduct, and so you may guess his very agreeable disappointment, when he found we were so much disposed to fall in with his folble. Nothing, however, could exceed his amazement, when Cleishmeclaw, a warm, uncompromising Scotchman, filling his glass, with an air as if he couldn't help it, proposed the health of a certain exalted personage, which was drank in *silence*! The cockney Radical, absolutely drunk with delight, roared out for a song, which on a wink from myself, was assented to by the Northern Laird, who commenced as follows: to the fine tune of "O 'tis Love, 'tis Love."

O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,

O, 'tis sweet while life doth last, a Radical to be!

The king may be an excellent man

For aught that I can see,

But I guess it is a shameful plan

That he never has noticed me;

So after all my mind's made up

To rail at monarchy,

For there's nothing half so sweet in life,

As a Radical to be!

O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,

O, 'tis sweet while life doth last, a Radical to be!

The ministry are but shuffling hands,

As any one may spy,

That looks into their gear and lands

With only half an eye:

For many they've got sincoores,

But never a one for me;

So the only way to get one's dues

Is a Radical to be!

And O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,

O, 'tis sweet, while life doth last a Radical to be!

The bishops they are the special bore,

Of all great bores to me,

For many a living they've got in store

But where is there one for me?

So from morn to night, and from night to

morn,

I'll growl most furiously—

For the Church and State are laugh'd to

score

And all for want of me.

The lusty voice of the Aberdeen's man ceased; but only to give place to sounds of a different description. Mrs. Margery, who had been grave for the most part, (as was fitting) after stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an untimely explosion, at the hazard of strangulation, at length, could no longer contain herself, and with one accord, we all caused the parlour to echo with the most obstreperous shouts of laughter. Swipes took the hint; which indeed it must be confessed was broad enough, and soon after took himself off—having nevertheless, (to his credit be it told) good sense enough to exhibit no risings of indignation at our quizzifications.

Poor Swipes is now in all essential respects an altered man—he has married a wife, and a good one—is always seen behind his counter, and consequently, thrives in his worldly concerns—goes regularly to church, and gives proof by the rectitude of his dealings, and benevolence to the poor in his neighbourhood, that religion is not without some power on his heart. He has, moreover, abjured small beer and weak tea, and enjoys in moderation a pipe and tankard; but yet he still puts in an occasional touch upon the old chord—*Reform*.

TOM. TORYIN.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

A GOOD TAKE OFF.

SAM FOOTE was a wag, as we all of us know,
Aye, he was the fellow to ply a *bon mot*,
A sample d'ye say?—Sir, it's yours in a minute;
And I know it will please you before I begin it.

At the Hay-market one night,
An unfortunate wight
Was so cruelly mimick'd, next day
His footman he sent;
"My respects you'll present,
And bid Mr. Foote call, if he's coming this way."

Sam obey'd—"Sir, be seated;
I'm told that you treated
Me rudely last night on the stage:
What times these to scoff!
To be thus taken off!

O, Sir, I protest it's a scandalous age!"
Says Foote, "I repent, Sir,
In sooth I lament, Sir,
To have caused you also! so much pain;
But since I can scold,
And take *others* off—

Why I'll take *myself* off! shall I then, Sir, obtain
Your forgiveness?"—"O ye,
That's quite fair I confess,
Do that, and I've no more to say."
Then a lucky expedient,
Says Sam, "your obedient,
I will take *myself* off—Sir, I wish you good day."

W. F.

Reminiscences.

No. XIV.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As Mr. Curran, the Irish barrister, has for years been the admiration of the bar, I think I cannot give tribute better to his memory, than by sending the annexed for your consideration to place in your *Reminiscences*.

The *Reminiscences* by †† will, I am afraid, be pirated by *Osberry's Dramatic Biography*, indeed, a few are already, particularly the lively *bon mots*, and to secure a versatility of subject, I send you *Reminiscences* of Curran, which you will oblige me by inserting.

And am your well wisher,

F. M. L.

MR. CURRAN.

"WHEN a boy," says Mr. Curran, "I was once amusing myself playing at marbles, in the village of Ball Alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage, on the contrary, he seemed pleased and even delighted; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy, (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps, rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little Ball Alley in the days of my childhood: his name was Boyse; was the Rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy—I was winning, and full of wagery, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities, every one was welcome to share of them, and I had plenty to share after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then sent me to the school at Middleton. In short he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the marble Italian chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the Ball Alley—I

rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears, words cannot describe the scene which followed. You are right air—you are right. The chimney-piece is your's, the pictures are your's, the house is your's. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor. He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse, he is now gone, and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. This is his wine, let us drink to his memory."

When Mr. Curran was called to the bar, he was without friends, without connexions, without fortune; conscious of talents far above the mob by which he was elbowed, and cursed with sensibility which rendered him painfully alive to the mortifications he was fated to experience. Those who have risen to professional eminence, and recollect the impediments of such a commencement—the neglect abroad—the poverty, perhaps, at home—the frowns of rivalry—the fears of friendship—the sneer—at the first discouragement, as to the present foreboding, as to the future—some who are established endeavouring to crush the chance of competition—and some who have failed anxious for the wretched consolation of companionship—those who recollect the comfort of such an apprenticeship, may fully appreciate poor Curran's situation. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to the stumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and family a miserable lodging on Hog Hill. Term after term, without any profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the five courts; yet even thus he was not altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light; he was young and ardent, buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the encouraging comparisons with those who were successful around him; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers who he amused with his wit, or amused with his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd, did not disdain occasionally to glean from his conversation the rich and varied treasures which he did not fail to squander with the most unsparing prodigality; and some there were who observed the brightness of the infant humidity struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst

those that had the discrimination to appreciate, and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Mr. Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards the unfortunate, but respected, Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received, was through his recommendation, and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant, whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hog Hill, my wife and children were the chief furniture of the apartment, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of its liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran was, however, a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she was determined should be supplied in dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any other gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, my mind you may imagine in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I had opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself, was an immense folio brief, and twenty golden guineas, wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady—bought a good dinner—gave Bob Lyons a share of it—and that dinner was the date of my prosperity!" Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "*he's trying to catch the English accent.*"

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel until he retorted, "You are perfectly right friend, for your master is said to be a *great big*."

In speaking of a learned sergeant who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point at law, Curran observed, "that whenever that grave counsellor endeavoured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool, whom he once saw, struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling pin."

There were a few of his early friends

with whom Mr. Curran continued in habits of affectionate intimacy. One of them he had on frequent visits at the Priory. He was a mighty hunter, and a very good natured and well tempered man, devoted to Mr. Curran, with the sincerity of an early attachment. On the chase he was eloquent, but after that subject became exhausted, had scarcely any other left him; yet in this gentleman's society Mr. Curran found himself very happy. Some friends asked him, how it was that his taste did not revolt at passing so many dull nights with him. "I am very much gratified by those recollections, he always brings me back to, and it is with his heart I hold communion, nor can you imagine what pleasure his good humour and singularities afford me. He is an excellent man. I once asked him," continued Mr. Curran, "how he who was not fond of books or of music—could amuse himself in the country on a wet day, confined within doors, as he frequently was; and his account I will give you in his own words. 'Music and books! by Jesus I have both, and I amuse myself widum. I have an ould run of a fiddle, and I rasps that till I bodhers myself, and I falls asleep.' Well, and when you awake, how are you amused? 'Why then I takes up a book, I think they call it Tom Jones, and I reads that till I falls asleep again; and it's always new to me, for I forgets it as fast as I reads it.' After this specimen of companionship," said Mr. Curran, "do you think my companion so dull as you conceived him to be?"

There were two gentlemen of the Irish bar, one a North-of-Ireland man, the other from the South of Ireland, they were as tall as poplars. Curran said of them, "One is the North, the other the South Pole." One of them being seen in London, walking with Mr. Curran, some person asked him who that extraordinary person was, who so much resembled Lisnahago, and what was his business in London? Curran replied, that "though he was one of his longest acquaintances, yet he did not precisely know what his business in London was: except, perhaps, to peep down the chimneys of the Londoners to see what they had for dinner." One of those gentlemen had, by his length of legs, so annoyed an English Lady who sat opposite to him in a public coach, that when he proposed to some of the company to take a walk for a short stage, and on his going out, observed, "I think it will be of great use to me to stretch out my legs," the lady exclaimed, "Good God, Sir! if you do there will be no enduring you, they are so long already."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE GRATITUDE OF BONAPARTE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a pallet and a chair, and all the sustenance, a little barley-water; refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiée being near fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiée through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contradicted herself with replying that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks elapsed thus, till

at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy, related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiée, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently re-inclined to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiée consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiée passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiée; she smiled as she listened to him. "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps—" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiée, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon." The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiée every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! You will hear of me." He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiée with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon

the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiée, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protégé, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours;—he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady; named Agiée, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aide-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiée; she was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not, to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiée on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiée passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons. "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiée. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiée was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age and her infirmities, the day after the general's arrival, she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carrousel, opposite the palace of the Tuilleries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure; she had a long audi-

ence of Napoleon; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agée the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agée lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her; but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given;—it is easy to imagine with what animation she descended upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agée died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carrousel.

New Monthly Magazine.

TWENTY-ONE ELEGIAC STANZAS

To the Black Man who swept the crossing at the Obelisk, Blackfriars, and who lately died of age.

My face is my fortune, Sir, said she.—*Old Song.*

1.

And art thou gone, my Bridge-street friend?
Dead!—Well, we all must fall!
Death is the greatest sweeper, for
He sweepeth man and all!

2.

Art gone?—Thou street philosopher!
Neck man in black!—ah! when
Again shall such philanthropist
Make clean the ways of men?

3.

A sable Jacques thou hast been
Eying man's squal range:
And thou, with hat pull'd down, hast seen
In thy brief time much change!

4.

The copper captain's penny coin,
The colonel's penny less;
The beggar, mounted proverb-wise,
Neck-riding, nothing less!

5.

The silken dame, with virtue's stamp,
Giving a sigh—but that!
While from a ruin'd sleepless tramp
Fence fill'd thy napless hat!

6.

Thou hast seen the effect of Martin's act
On drovers most unkind;
Those that went by on Mondays thence,
On Fridays pass'd to find!

7.

Thou wert a slave—yes, a black slave,
Even on English land!
Slave at a stand-still to a walk,
With stretch'd imploring hand!

8.

A slave!—Why did not Willerforce
Think of the blacks at home?
Where was thy Bennett, Clarkson, where
Where was thy best friend Broom?

9.

And neighbour Waltham too, could he
Rave of a free-born nation,
And all forget thy crusty fate
And small emancipation?

10.

The City sells its freedom; so
Beggars such things decline;
Thou'rt free!—Thou'rt never from our path,
Nor we again cross thine!

11.

Or, crossing, we no more shall see
Thy grizzled—great wig'd disk!
The pigtail, level'd like a gun
Against the Obelisk!

12.

The hat, all humbled to the dust,
Luring one's own dust down;
The jaded broom, keeping the streets,
Like something on the town!

13.

Dead!—dead, and gone!—The gentle man,
The Bridge-street spirit's lost!
Thy course, like true love's, was not smooth;
Thy path was ever cross'd!

14.

All the black honours, after death,
Somehow thy life did grace;
The Monument was o'er thy head,
The mourning in thy face!

15.

Thou wert for ever in one spot,
A thing of dust—alone;
The passer by did drop his sigh,
And pass, as usual, on!

16.

I, now, like some poor pilgrim stray
To hunt out thy remains;
And find that they are gone away;
Thy gains, the rich regain!

17.

Thy will is just,—aye, just as we
Look'd for from thy good sense;
Thy post thou hast left to Mr. Hume,
Who looks to the people's peace!

18.

Thy broom is left to Cobbett, to
Be fix'd in his mast head;
A Catholic life-boat, mark'd for sale,
Will wake the Irish dead!

19.

Thy clothes are left to Bodkin,—coat
And wig, and tatter'd breeches;
He values what is poor, because
In them he finds his riches!

20.

Thy hat,—thy begging hat,—is given
(No gift could sure be sfter
For the abbey's use at Westminster)
To the poor dean and chapter!

21.

Thy spirit will haunt those saints, and when
At Westminster's low door
Thou'rt taking toll, thou'lt think thou'rt in
Thy own Black Friars once more!

London Magazine.

APRIL FOOLS.

THERE is not a holiday, or a public custom, which I do not like to maintain, provided it be one made for every body. Though a bachelor, I have my pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Christmas is not Christmas without mince-pie. We always keep May-day at Bowering Park: St. Valentine (charitable go-between!) enables me to give pleasure to any interesting face that I happen to meet, and that I may never be able to meet otherwise; and on the day before us, I make fools of half-a-dozen of the most sensible and good-natured of my acquaintances; for I never venture on the stupid. I do it merely *en passant*, and to preserve a custom. A *hoax* is too long and treacherous. Pretty women are those I like to make fools of; and if they do not make a fool of me in return, I am disappointed. It loses me my revenge. The provocation should be given handsomely, quietly, briefly. What follows, may be more elaborate. The long embassies, on which the uninstructed send one another for cobbler's oil, and pigeon's milk, are what I cannot approve of. The common joke of calling the attention to something not to be found is better, and may be turned to good account. But, in the hands of wit and good-nature, any thing may be turned to account. A reputation for spirit and good-humour, mixed with a certain real regard for those whom a man plays upon, will enable him to do all in triumph. There is Tom Neville, who can snap a horse-shoe. Every body knows that Tom, for all he is such a tough junior, would as soon break his own heart as cause any body he loves an affliction. For which reason he may play what pranks he pleases. I have known Tom, upon the strength of a common joke about *tips* and *tailps*, make April fools of all the pretty women of his acquaintance. To one he would say, "Have you seen my tailps?" and upon her turning round to look, salute her in the name of the season. Another he would ask to help him "plant his tailps;" a third, if she would have

some double tailps," &c. But there is a manner in these things which more wit cannot attain to. The lady must be given to understand, by a kind of magic, and in the twinkling of an eye, that she would neither be wise nor amiable in resisting, and yet that kisses are not regarded by the operator as vulgar things, or to be given to every body.

But I shall be getting into May instead of April. Would it had been April or May, or any other season, provided we had been old acquaintances, and good-nature have stood me instead of address, when those two eyes turned upon me that I saw at the concert at Sir J. L.'s. The strings of her waist caught one of my coat buttons; and there looked round upon me—such a face! I shall never forget it—so alive, so cordial, so intelligent, so refined, so every thing. If any body ever saddens it, I hereby inform her that she has a Honeycomb for her champion. I apologised for the involuntary detention of her, but lamented the necessity of undoing it; upon which, without uttering a word, she said a thousand things by the mere turn of her countenance, and all the best natured and properest in the world.

The making April fools appears to have once trespassed beyond its bounds, and become a standing joke in the time of Swift. It was called a *Bite*. Rowe produced a comedy on it, which did not succeed. Such jokes are not calculated for any thing continuous. Swift, writing to an acquaintance in Ireland, says, "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnston; it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it 'a bite.' You must ask a bantering question, or tell some d-d lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you—'Madam, there's a bite.' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in Court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and to teach you a new refinement."—SWIFT'S WORKS, vol. xi. p. 12.—8vo. edit. 1801.

New Monthly Magazine.

Miscellanies.

GREAT CHESS MATCH BETWEEN LONDON AND EDIN- BURGH.

IN No. 77 of the MIRROR, we gave an account of the Origin of the Scientific Game of Chess, leaving to our readers to consult other works for a description of the manner of playing it. It may, however, be necessary to state that it may be

played by persons at a distance from each other, by merely transmitting an account of each move. An instance of this kind has just occurred in a game played between the Chess Clubs of Edinburgh and London, which terminated in favour of the former. A correspondent has called on us to give an account of the whole of the moves in this great match, which excited intense interest among the admirers of this intellectual game (for such it really is) in London and Edinburgh.

MOVES.

London, White—Edinburgh, Black.

1. W. King's Pawn two squares.—B. the same.
2. W. King's Knight to his Bishop's third square.—B. Queen's Knight to her Bishop's third square.
3. W. Queen's Pawn two squares. B. the Pawn takes the Pawn.
4. W. The King's Bishop to Queen's Bishop fourth square. B. the same.
5. W. The Queen's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. the Queen to King's second square.
6. W. The King castles. B. The Pawn at W. Queen's fourth square takes the Pawn.
7. W. The Queen's Knight takes the Pawn. B. The Queen's Pawn one square.
8. W. The Queen's Knights to the adverse Queen's fourth square. B. The Queen to her second square.
9. W. The Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares. B. The Queen's Knight takes the Pawn.
10. W. The Queen's Knight takes the Knight. B. The King's Bishop takes the Knight.
11. W. The King's Knight to the B. King's Knight's fourth square. B. The King's Knight to the Rook's third square.
12. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's Knight's second square. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
13. W. The Queen to her Knight's third square. B. The Queen to the King's second square.
14. W. The King's Knight takes the King's Bishop's Pawn. B. The King's Knight takes the Knight.
15. W. The Queen takes the Bishop. B. The King's Knight to the King's fourth square.
16. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn two squares. B. The Knight takes the Bishop.
17. W. The Queen takes the Knight. B. The Queen's to the King's Bishop's second.
18. W. The Queen to her Bishop's third square. B. The Queen's Bishop to the King's third square.
19. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's B. to the W. Queen's Bishop's fourth square.
20. W. The King's Rook to the King's Bishop's fourth square. B. The Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares.
21. W. The King's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's Pawn takes the Pawn.
22. W. The Queen takes the Pawn. B. The King's Rook's Pawn one square.
23. W. The Queen's Rook to the King's square. B. The King's Rook to its second square.
24. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. The King's Knight's Pawn two squares.
25. W. The King's Rook to B. King's Bishop's fourth square. B. The Queen's Rook's Pawn two squares.
26. W. The Queen checks at B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square. B. The King to his Knight's square.
27. W. The King's Rook takes King's Knight's Pawn, checking. B. The Rook's Pawn takes the Rook.
28. W. The Queen takes the Pawn, checking. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
29. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square, checking. B. The King to his Knight's square.
30. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Knight's fourth square, checking. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
31. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's fourth. B. The King's Bishop to the King's third.
32. W. The Queen's Bishop to the B. Queen's Bishop's fourth, checking. B. The King to his square.
33. W. The Queen to the adverse Queen's fourth square. B. The Queen's Rook took its third square.
34. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Knight's second square. B. The Queen to the King's Rook's fourth square.
35. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square, checking. B. The King takes the Pawn.
36. W. The Queen's Rook to the King's Bishop's square, checking. B. The King to the Knight's third square.
37. W. The Queen to her King's fourth square, checking. B. The King's Bishop interposes at King's Bishop's fourth.
38. W. The Queen to the adverse King's square, checking. B. The King's Rook interposes at the King's Bishop second.
39. W. Queen checks at the adverse

- King's Knight's square. B. The King to his Bishop's third square.
40. W. The King's Knight's Pawn two squares. B. The Queen's Rook to its square.
41. W. The Queen takes the Queen's Rook. B. The Queen takes the King's Knight's Pawn, checking.
42. W. The King to his Rook's square. B. The Rook to the Queen's second square.
43. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's Rook's third square. B. The King to his Bishop's second square.
44. W. The Queen to the adverse Queen's Rook's square. B. The Rook to the adverse Queen's square.
45. W. The Queen takes the Queen's Knight's Pawn. B. The Queen to the adverse King's fourth square, checking.
46. W. The King to his Knight's square. B. The King to his Knight's third square.
47. W. The Queen to her Knight's second square. B. The Queen to W. King's Knight's fourth, checking.
48. W. The Queen interposes at the King's Knight's second. B. The Queen takes the Queen.
49. W. The King takes the Queen. B. The Bishop to the W. King's Rook's third, checking.
50. W. The King takes the Bishop. B. The Rook takes the Rook.
51. W. The Bishop to the adverse King's second. B. The Rook to his King's Bishop's fourth square.
52. W. The Queen's Rook's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's Bishop's Pawn two squares.

The White gave up the game.

In our next MIRROR we shall give some curious and interesting anecdotes of the game of chess.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

IMPROMPTU

Written on the back of a Summons.

UNWELCOME message to the flames
Quick go,
Thy words bespeak both poverty and woe,
Thou often dost upon the helpless call
And take from them their all, their little
all;

Happy the man who always pays his way
Who has enough to serve from day to
day.

Blest with enough I'd never want a store,
Blest with content I'll never wish for
more. G. MONRO.

A DEAD DIALOGUE.

THE following curious Dead Dialogue happened lately between two live ladies in Fleet-street:—

Pray, Madam, how do you do?
Dead, Madam, with the Tooth-ache.
Lord, I am sorry for it, but I myself
have been dead with it these three weeks,
and poor little Jacky is absolutely dying
of the same complaint.

LOGIC.—DR. JOHNSON.

If a lad who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than a father.

EPIGRAM

On a Musician and Dancing Master,
who decamped with cash, subscribed
for a musical publication.

His time was quick, his touch was fleet;
Our gold he nimbly fingered;
Alike alert with hands and feet,
His movements have not lingered

Where lies the wonder of the case?
A moment's thought detects it:
His practice has been thorough-bass,
A chord will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash;
A traveller is surely right,
To change his notes for cash.

MOTTO FOR A CANNON BALL.

IN the church of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, is a monument of Robert Nicholls, of Ampthill Park, Governor of Long Island, who being in attendance on the duke of York, was slain on board his royal highness' ship in 1672. A cannon ball, said to be that which caused his death, is fixed within the pediment, on the mouldings is this inscription:
"Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis."

(The instrument of mortality and immortality.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to the inquiry of more than one correspondent we beg to state, a letter-box, for communications for the MIRROR, has been placed in the window of the Mirror-office.

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